

# RECENT WANDERINGS IN FIJI.

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WILLIAM REED.

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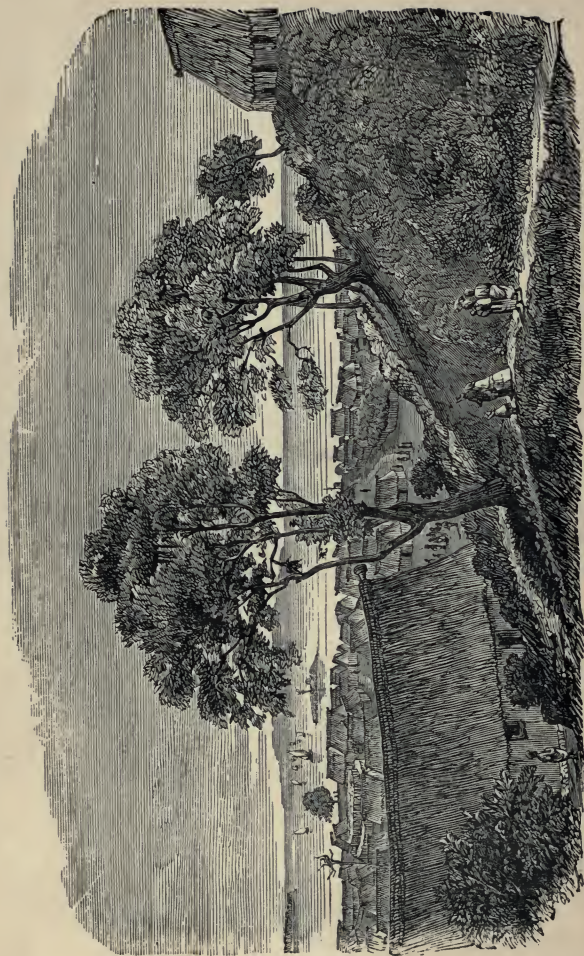




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# RECENT WANDERINGS IN FIJI;

*GLIMPSES OF ITS VILLAGES, CHURCHES,  
AND SCHOOLS.*

BY

WILLIAM REED,

OF THE

*South Australia Wesleyan Methodist Conference.*

MATT. XIII. 38.—‘THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.’

‘Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring :  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing :  
For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend :  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.’

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Dedication.



TO THE  
FIJIAN MISSIONARIES  
OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH  
AND THEIR NOBLE WIVES  
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME,  
WITH GRATITUDE  
TO GOD  
FOR THE FIJIAN METHODISM OF TO-DAY.  
WILLIAM REED.

*Adelaide, South Australia, 1888.*



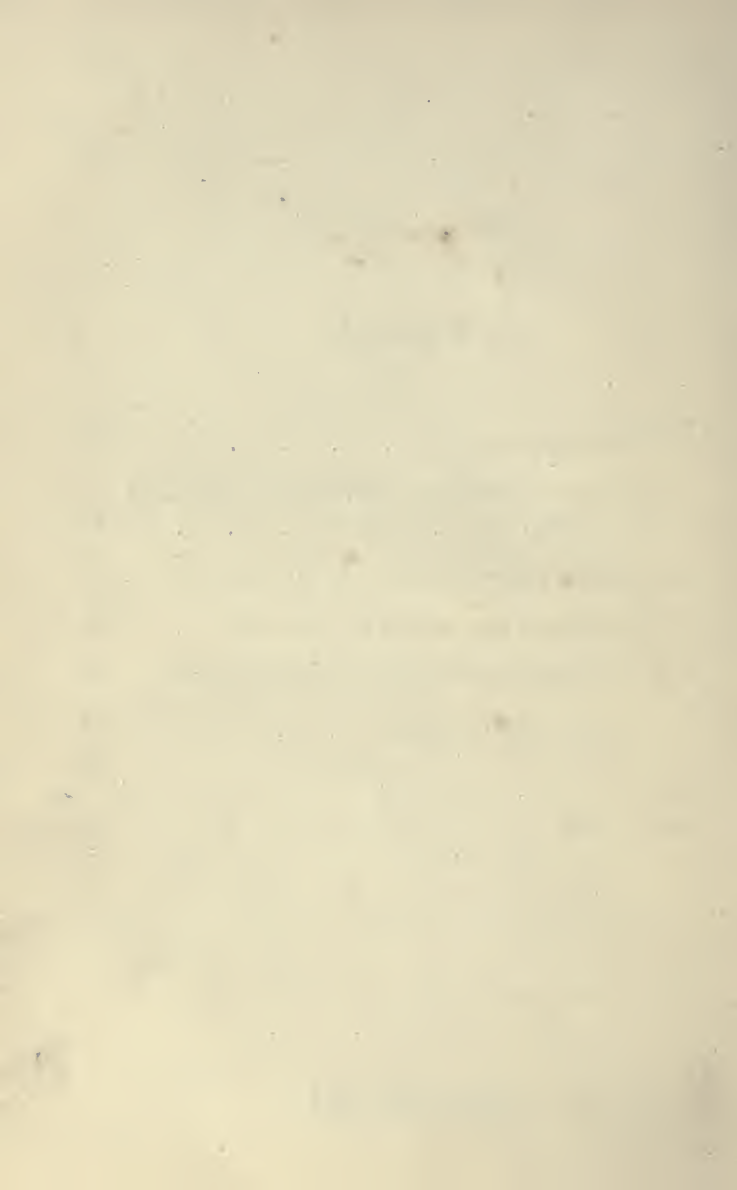
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# RECENT WANDERINGS IN FIJI.

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## CHAPTER I.

### Introductory.

SAVIOUR, lo, the isles are waiting,  
    Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,  
For Thy Spirit, new creating,  
    Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light :  
Give the Word, and of the preacher  
    Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
    Glory to the Lamb be sung.

JOSEPH COOK has said that there are now no foreign lands. The colonizing, the commercial, the adventurous, the scientific, the Christian spirit is impelling men to push their way into the 'regions beyond.' Through these influences in extraordinary activity—we believe, in the providence of God—the civilized nations of the world seem to be pressing forward, as never before, to unite with the uncivilized.

It was my privilege recently to visit Fiji, once known as 'Cannibal Fiji,' but now having a clear title to the name, 'Christian Fiji.' Having been favoured, in the visitation of several islands of the group, with special opportunities of observing and judging the work of Wesleyan Methodism amongst the native population, I am bound, as an honest and independent witness, to affirm that nothing I ever heard in the addresses of Fijian missionaries who have visited the Australian colonies, nor anything I ever read from their reports, is, in my judgment, any exaggeration of the facts of the case concerning the genuineness and vitality of Fijian Christianity.

Not many years have gone since certain literary and fashionable people poured ridicule upon efforts put forth to make the Gospel known to the heathen, and to bring those who were dark, sinful, and perishing under its enlightening and saving influence. Such enterprises were looked upon and spoken of as well-meant but visionary. Both men and money were wasted, if devoted to such a cause. Even now, notwithstanding genuine and accumulated witness in their favour, missions are sometimes maligned by miniature sceptics, and sneered at by a few secular journals. Have we not seen diminutive wits, with wit about as execrable as their theology, shoot their tiny arrows at missionaries and missions? Men without spiritual perceptions or affinities are no more fitted to be judges of those things

which are 'spiritually discerned,' than a blind man is to be an art critic. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' The weight of testimony, solid, reliable, cumulative, is on the other side. 'Learning confesses its indebtedness to the missionary for his contributions to philological, geographical, and ethnological science. Commerce and industrial art follow him as their most skilful pioneer, and trust him as their most indefatigable auxiliary. And humanity places him in the front rank of the world's benefactors.' The late governor of Fiji, Sir Arthur Gordon, spoke in England of the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji in these terms: 'The subject of missionaries formed the most important part of the organisation of the colony. No tribute too high could possibly be paid to their labours. The influence which the missionaries had exercised had been one of wonderful good and wonderful results.' Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, in her fascinating book, 'At Home in Fiji,' a record of two years' residence in the islands, bears similar witness.

A second reformation is being wrought through foreign missions of modern times, and testimony concerning the success of the Gospel in heathen lands has come opportunely. Should it be affirmed, as it is by pen and voice, that this Gospel has not regenerative power—are men moved away, 'through philosophy

and vain deceit, after the tradition of men,' from its simplicity?—is some other word being preached?—as an answer we point with faith and gratitude to such changes as have been wrought in the South Sea Islands, as well as to the scenes of other missionary labours and triumphs, and say,

‘Should all the forms that men devise  
‡ Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I’d call them vanity and lies,  
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.’

Let Christians of all denominations make themselves acquainted with the religious needs of the world to-day. Let it be seriously considered that only about one-third of the world’s population is professedly Christian, and that, roundly speaking, one thousand millions are yet to be brought to the knowledge of the truth. But let it be remembered, also, for the Church’s inspiration to duty and encouragement in its fulfilment, that almost all over the world the door of opportunity stands open, and that many at the open door are crying, ‘Come over and help us.’ Peace prevails, the white sails of commerce dot every sea, the facilities for travel are ever increasing, and the Bible is translated into many languages. The Christian Church should surely press forward with constraining love. Not prejudice on the part of Christians has now to be combated, but sloth. Is it not a most serious and grievous thing that missionary operations should receive such a limi-



ted amount of attention, and such a meagre portion of assistance? Money is lavished on many foolish and mischievous objects, and denied or doled out in dribbles to the greatest of all causes, to the help of humanity and the cause of Christ. Is the century worthy of being called the 'Missionary Century,' as it has been by some, when all that united Protestant Christendom gives annually for missions would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British Islands for two days? (Joseph Cook's Lectures, 'Occident,' p. 119.) The opinion is expressed that 'a thoroughly aggressive and evangelical Church will expend for the support of missions at least one-fifth of what it expends on itself, and that there should be one white missionary for every fifty thousand of the accessible pagan population of the world. The longer the Churches delay, the more expensive and difficult will be the work.'

It is very desirable to educate and interest our children and young people in this important subject of the world's evangelization. Professor Drummond says, 'The child is the true cosmopolitan, has the universal mind. Anything that makes foreign countries real is a contribution to the missionary cause. Picture-books, missionary adventures and travels, descriptions of the manners and customs of savage races—these have a most important function in preparing the mind to realize missions. Between the wondering, adventurous



spirit of the boy, and the heroic career of the missionary, there is a natural sympathy. Often neither teacher nor child sees any further than the hole in the collecting box into which the small donation for foreign missions is reluctantly dropped.'

For them, therefore, I write, in whose hands will soon be the solemn responsibilities of Christ's Church, and in whose hearts, I trust, will be the needful love. Had nature put into my hand either poet's pen or artist's pencil, with what delight I would use such skill in the endeavour to do justice to the wonders I saw ! But, these gifts denied to me, I must content myself with relating a simple narrative of 'Wanderings in Fiji.'





## CHAPTER II.

### From Melbourne, Victoria, to Norfolk Island.

WHERE they all Thy laws have spurned,  
Where they Thy name profane,  
Where the ruined world hath mourned  
With blood of millions slain,  
Open there the ethereal scene,  
Claim the heathen tribes for Thine,  
There the endless reign begin  
With majesty divine.

MY 'plain, unvarnished tale' of wanderings amongst the 'Islands of the Seas,' and the record of what it was my privilege to see of Wesleyan Methodism in Fiji, I write chiefly for the young people of our Churches, in the hope that the fire of missionary zeal will be kindled in their hearts, or, if already kindled, increased yet more and more. I have in special remembrance the juvenile missionary collectors, for they surely have a right to know how the work speeds in which they bear a part.

So, girls and boys of our Sabbath schools, and missionary collectors in particular, I give you all a most cordial invitation to come with me amongst the 'Edens of the Southern wave.' If your mothers and fathers would like to come too, we can find room for them, and they will be very welcome. The tour, taken by means of this little book, will cost you very little indeed, either in money or personal discomfort or perils by sea or land. Neither Father Neptune nor cannibals need be feared. Indeed, you may sit in the 'old armchair' at the fireside all the while, or if it be warm recline in your hammock, or lounge on the grass amongst the trees and flowers in your garden. My purpose is that you may be profited, and led, as I was, with a stronger faith in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, to wonder and give thanks. I will try to let you see through my eyes—alas, they are not very good ones. But I kept them open, and put on spectacles too, so that I might see for myself what is the state of affairs in Fiji, more especially in connection with the mission work of our Church. On the voyage down we shall be favoured with the company of one of the Fijian missionaries, who has been on a visit to Melbourne, the Rev. W. W. Lindsay, President of the Navuloa Institution. Our esteem for him will grow with our growing knowledge of him. This we shall learn, before we return to Australia, that, instead of the old cry, 'Pity poor Fiji,' which British and Colonial Methodism heard

not many years ago, we have now abundant reason to say, 'Thank God for Fiji,' and should certainly in its present condition, as contrasted with the terrible past, find an inspiration for further aggression on the kingdom of darkness.

In anticipation of such an interesting and delightful tour, how poetical one feels ! If Old Neptune is on his good behaviour,—for though old he is not always steady,—what Victorian could go out of Hobson's Bay through the 'Rip' at evening time, without saying with Byron,

'Adieu, adieu ! My native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land, ' Good-night ! '

But we are not journeying towards the setting sun.  
We are going

'To burst all links of habit,  
There to wander far away,  
On from island unto island,  
At the gateways of the day.'

We bid farewell to friends at Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, the captain takes the bridge and issues his command, 'Cast all clear !' then down the Yarra we go, shape a course for the 'Rip,' and pass out into Bass

Straits just as the sun is setting. Away over the stern of the steamer sun and sea seem to meet, and you almost expect to hear a great hissing as he goes down. But his level beams bring a kindly message over the waves, 'I now hand you over for a few hours to the care of Her Majesty the Moon, and will see you again in the morning.' Then the spirit of poesy, silver-winged, sings amid the mystic beauty of a moonlit night at sea :—

'Night on the waves ! and the moon is on high,  
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.'

The 'Mawhera' of the Union Company's Line is a trim little boat, and we are sorry to learn that we shall have to change steamers at Newcastle, in New South Wales, our first port of call. On the way thither we are mildly excited by the blowing of a whale. For disorder and dirt I have seen no town like Newcastle, and for irregularity and noise none like Sydney. But be it remembered that disorder and coal-dust and noise there mean commerce, and commerce means money. While waiting a few days at Newcastle for another steamer, the 'Taupo,' expected from New Zealand to replace the 'Mawhera' in the Fijian trade, rain set in to add to our discomfort, and a fierce gale sprang up, raising our apprehensions of a rough time of it as soon as we should put to sea. But such experiences will



doubtless be profitable, though, according to general testimony all the oceans over, they are very far from being pleasant. 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit.' So if amid the wild waves and roaring winds and clouded sky the spirit of poesy vanishes, I look eagerly for another visitant—the spirit of an invigorated life. For the sake of meeting that spirit, one may well be content to endure the solemnity of sea-sickness for a short time.

'There Health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare,  
And rosy cheek, clear eye, and flowing hair,  
Trips with a smile the breezy sea along,  
And pours the spirit of content in song.'

We have on board a company of surveyors for Norfolk Island : so we shall have an opportunity of seeing that historic spot, one of the gems of the South Pacific. Having said 'Farewell' to Australia one Thursday evening, we sighted Lord Howe Island, on which fifty or sixty people live what must be a very lonely life, on the Saturday ; and Norfolk Island, which is about eight hundred miles from Sydney, on Monday. This island is under the imperial government, having Lord Carrington, of New South Wales, as its governor. Locally, it is governed by a chief magistrate, elected annually by ballot, who is assisted by a visiting magistrate from Sydney in all the most important matters. No intoxicating liquor is allowed on the island, except for medi-

cinal purposes. We were glad to be told this, for one of the last Australian sights we looked upon was the ghastly face of another of drink's victims, whose names are legion ; the fireman of our steamer, who, drunk, had miserably perished in the river at Newcastle.

While the coast of Norfolk Island looks forbidding with its bold and rugged cliffs, Nature shows here some of her gentlest and sweetest charms. The climate is delightful, the soil fertile, the vegetation varied and luxuriant, the people most hospitable, and I expect that as soon as there is regular communication by steamer, tourists from Australia will find their way in considerable numbers to this island, so near to our own shores, and so full of interest. This charming garden of the ocean was once a penal establishment—a gaol for the worst of criminals—in which crimes of fearful magnitude and atrocity were enacted, and sin ran riot. Those who have read ‘*For the Term of his Natural Life*,’ by the late Marcus Clarke, will know something of the terrible state of affairs that obtained. The agonized cries of bleeding victims suffering under the lash, the loud coarse laugh of the exulting murderer, and the deep and terrible curses of cruel gaolers, mingled and resounded amidst these groves of gigantic pines, that seem so serene and dignified. If a Howard was needed anywhere in the world amongst the sinful and suffering, it was surely here. Tragedies more fearful than novelist ever conjured up out of his brain were com-



mon. The place was rightly called the 'Sodom' of the empire. It was nigh unto the gates of hell, and its penal history is a sickening record. Many years ago Norfolk Island was abandoned as a penal settlement, and the most depraved of men gave place to some of the most gentle and virtuous—the Pitcairn Islanders—who are descendants of the mutineers of the 'Bounty.' Most boys, I judge, have read an account of the expedition of the 'Bounty,' commanded by Captain Bligh, to convey bread-fruit trees from Otaheite to the West Indies, and of the mutiny of the crew, headed by Christian. I need not detain you with the particulars. You know how the Bible and Prayer-book of the 'Bounty,' under God's blessing, wrought a marvellous reformation. Some of the descendants of the mutineers, removed from Pitcairn to Norfolk Island about thirty years ago, form perhaps one of the most religious communities in the world. The forests that resounded with oaths and shrieks are now charmed with the voice of prayer and the song of praise. The floating hell has become a gate of heaven. Doubtless beneath the surface the Pitcairners of Norfolk Island are men and women of like passions with ourselves, but they form distinctively a religious community, observing a universal custom of church-going, and free from many of the vices and follies of civilized lands.

When the Sée of New Zealand was first formed, the numerous islands of the South Pacific were placed

under the care of its bishop. His wise resolutions was not to encroach on fields already occupied by other missionary societies, some of which had been at work for many years, but to deal only with totally heathen islands. 'Coley' Patteson, as he was familiarly called, went out to the bishop's assistance, and devoted himself with all the zeal of love 'to save that which was lost.' With a wonderful aptitude for languages, as well as those numerous qualifications which a missionary needs, he found a congenial sphere of labour amongst the South Sea natives, gathered together from various groups of islands to be instructed in the mission schools in New Zealand. His was the true spirit of a Christian bishop, to which office he was in due time consecrated, as the first missionary bishop of Melanesia. Faithfully he toiled with apostolic fervour, 'in journeyings often, in perils of waters, . . . in perils by the heathen,' nor did he 'count his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus.' In the multitude of his arduous labours, he testified, 'I feel that I am cheerful and bright and light-hearted, and that really I have everything to make a man thankful and contented. The work does require especially an unreserved surrender of a man to whatever he may find to do.' It would be well for some other Christian workers to emulate the large-hearted sympathy which expressed itself in this fashion: 'It is not High or Low or

Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of heathen people. Who thinks of anything but this, "They have not heard of the Saviour Who died for them," when he is standing with crowds of naked fellows round him?' Many missionary journeys were made amongst the islands, in the face of much danger; with much self-denial, and with varying success. The climate of New Zealand being found to be too cold for the children of the tropics, it was sought to obtain permission to use Norfolk Island, suitable in both position and climate, as a centre for this department of work. The island is six hundred miles nearer to Melanesia than is Auckland. Its position gives a further advantage in regard to prevailing and favourable winds. Its productions are tropical, including yam, taro, sweet potato, sugar-cane, banana, orange, lemon, pineapple, coffee, and maize. Here there would be no necessity for any violent contrast, as there was in New Zealand, in respect of dress, food, or houses. But the request was not at first granted from the supposition that the presence of Melanesians, just emerging from the darkness of heathenism and some still in gross darkness, would have a bad effect upon the Pitcairn Islanders resident there. That objection being overcome, this lovely and somewhat lonely island became the head-quarters of the Melanesian Mission, with

Bishop Patteson in charge, to whom Bishop Selwyn, at present in charge, succeeded. I understand that about two hundred natives, gathered from the Solomon, Hebrides, and other groups of islands, are in the mission schools. It is well known how the devoted Bishop Patteson sealed his testimony with his blood, and his loved name stands in the honoured list of the martyrs of the South Pacific. He was massacred at Nukapu, about thirty miles north of Santa Cruz, in 1871. His life is a noble example, and his biography a rich legacy to the Church. The only reason for the murder of the good bishop, who was greatly beloved, is the probability that a labour vessel had visited the island, and outrages had been committed on the natives. This labour traffic caused Bishop Patteson much anxiety, and it was his intention to go to Fiji and look into the question of the islanders working on the plantations. He expressed the opinion that 'for the most part the islanders receive good treatment when on the plantations, but I know that many of them are taken away from these islands by unfair means.' There were three classes of labour vessels that cruised about: those fairly conducted, with government agents on board: some the natives called 'Snatch-snatch,' which only inveigled, but did not kill without necessity: and others which they called 'Kill-kill,' which freely worked the work of death. Some islands have been almost depopulated, either by this robbery or murder or both.

Knowing how the bishop and his associates were trusted, unscrupulous and lying villains engaged in this traffic have dressed themselves up as missionaries to lure the islanders on board their vessels, and so carry them forcibly away, not hesitating to shoot them if they attempted to escape. In scraps of the dialects and by signs they have said to the natives, 'The bishop is ill and cannot come: he has sent us to bring you to him.' 'The bishop is in Sydney: he broke his leg getting into his boat, and has sent us to take you to him.' Men had thus been stolen from Nukapu, and they were probably believed to have been killed. It is well that this traffic is now more carefully regulated, but it has cost not a few valuable lives. John Coleridge Patteson, the Martyr Bishop, murdered by those he loved and had come to bless; Joseph Atkin, his 'son in the Gospel,' who had been trained and ordained at his hands; and Stephen Taroniara, belong to a glorious company, who 'shall not be hurt of the second death,' but shall receive the 'crown of life,' for they were 'faithful unto death.'

It is time now to say 'Good-bye' to Norfolk Island, its kindly people and its interesting associations, and shape a northerly course for Fiji.







### CHAPTER III.

#### From Norfolk Island to Nabuloa, Fiji.

As lightning launched from east to west,  
The coming of Thy kingdom be ;  
To Thee, by angel-hosts confest,  
Bow every soul and every knee :  
Thy glory let all flesh behold,  
And then fill up Thy heavenly fold.

FOUR days of sea and sky, and land once more appears in the grey morning light. We are at the southern gates of Fiji. Yonder is Kandavu, with Mount Washington lifting itself on high to catch the first light of day. The hope of my boyhood, fanned oftentimes into intensity by what I read and heard of these islands and their people, is about to be realized, and I shall be satisfied with sight. Not amid the gloom of night or storm are we drawing near to these lovely and interesting lands, but in the growing light of a calm and beautiful morning. We have no opportunity of landing at Kandavu. Mail steamers, trading between Sydney and San Francisco, used to call here, but that is no longer the case. Communication with the other

islands of the group is irregular, being only by sailing vessels.

Now, it is 'daybreak in Fiji.' I thought of the night that had been; the gloom of superstition and all manner of sin that had enshrouded like a pall these lovely isles; the darkness that could be felt. But the 'Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in His wings.' There is spread out before us, in the condition of these islanders, a new chapter of the 'Acts of the Apostles,' written by the finger of God as surely as those chapters were which we have in our Bibles. God is adding to the wonderful record, and, be it said with all reverence and faith, that book is still an unfinished document. Other chapters shall be written, as in all the languages of the earth, for the age is apostolic, and it will be an evil thing for the Church if it cease to be so. How suggestive the fact that there is no formal closing at the end of the 'Acts of the Apostles,' as there is to the other books of the New Testament! The evangelist might appropriately have added 'To be continued' to chapter xxviii. Indeed, both in the Gospel according to Luke and here we are simply told of 'all that Jesus began both to do and teach.' When the 'Benediction' is added to the marvellous and completed history, Christ will appear in glory to take His Bride unto Himself.

' Out of the shadows of night,  
The world rolls into light—  
It is daybreak everywhere.'



Upon India and China and Japan that light shall arise and shine in full-orbed splendour. The Gospel, which has proved itself efficient in overthrowing the gross idolatries and cruel customs of Polynesian heathendom as far as it has been preached; which has purified family and social life and made all things new; which has captured the Tongans, Fijians, and others, mad as the Gadarene, and placed them at the feet of Jesus, 'clothed and in their right minds,' is sufficient also for the complete overthrow of the more compact and philosophic systems of India and China. Before the Ark of the Lord Dagon will fall to the ground and be broken. Let Australian Christians be faithful, and we shall see greater things than we have seen, ay, even a nation born in a day.

We are quite content in our journeyings to be without that spice of danger, which some travellers think adds a zest to enjoyment. We are assured that we shall find everything peaceful, except perhaps that untameable savage, the sea, for whose good behaviour no guarantee can ever be given. So on we voyage in the clear and fresh morning past Mbengha, till the green hills of Viti Levu (Great Fiji) and the white houses of Suva appear in view. Twenty-five years ago our sensations on approaching any Fijian island would have been very different from the eagerness we now manifest to land. Life and property are in these days as safe in any part of the group as in our colonies, and perhaps a little safer. The only foes of whom you need beware

in the villages of the Fijians are bloodthirsty mosquitoes, who seem to have a special liking for fresh victims, and perhaps an inquisitive pig or two in search of provender. What shall be said of certain men in Fiji, as well as in Australia, and here and there throughout the world, who, while they sit securely under the shadow of that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose fruits are peace and prosperity, curse the tree that shelters them, and profess themselves eager to destroy it !

Getting the two shore beacons, one on the beach, the other a little distance up the hill, in a straight line, we find a safe opening in the coral reef, and are soon in Suva Harbour. The ship's gun is fired, and the doctor and government officials come on board. Each boat has a crew of half-a-dozen sturdy Fijians, the first company with bushy hair sticking out three or four inches from the head all round : the second with hair plastered close to the head with a preparation of lime, making them look like grey-headed men. Suva, the capital, is pleasantly situated on the southern coast of Viti Levu (Great Fiji). Its harbour, having an encircling background of charming hill scenery, is well protected from the heavy swell of the ocean by the natural breakwater of the coral reefs. Here and there within the reefs and at a very little distance from the mainland, as Viti Levu may be called, are lovely islets which seem to focus within their narrow boundaries

the beauties of scenery and wealth of tropical verdure, to which on a most generous scale one becomes so accustomed in travelling through the group. Each island seems to be a kind of wild botanic garden, a conservatory full of palms and bananas and vinery and beautiful flowers. The white population of Suva is, I judge, from four to five hundred. Levuka, the former capital, is on the eastern coast of Ovalau. Its harbour is not so good as that of Suva, but I think it bears the palm for its glorious hills, rising steeply from the narrow fringe of coast land on which the business portion of the town is built, and providing on their wooded heights and in their embowered recesses splendid sites for outlook and charming nooks for retirement.

The Suva jetty, where we landed, had a most picturesque appearance by reason of the variety in the 'children of the tropics' who stood there, and the tropical fashion of dress or undress affected by each. I am unable to specify scientifically their varied shades, or the numerous colours of the costumes they wore. Fijians of all sorts and sizes, nobles and peasants, nut-brown maids, and laughing, chattering children: lean Hindoos, looking all the more attenuated in contrast with their brawny neighbours: the dark Solomon Islanders, capable, some of them, judging by their looks, of deeds as black as their faces, yet not unresponsive to the beauty of nature about them, for the scarlet hibiscus or some other beautiful flower decorates many a shaggy

head or hangs in wreaths about their shoulders: the fine-looking Tongans, handsomest of all the South Sea Islanders, clad for the most part in brightest colours, some it is true according to Australian notions rather scantily, the deficiency being made up with leaves, flowers, and cocoa-nut oil—these, with a goodly sprinkling of happy, careless, curious, copper-coloured urchins, whose suits of clothes seemed about equal to good-sized pocket-handkerchiefs, which with frequent attention each managed to keep round about his slippery loins, made up a motley and brilliant group, such as I never saw before. Of course the ubiquitous Britisher was there, and I was glad to be introduced to an old Victorian, the Rev. F. Langham, now for many years chairman of the Fiji District, and to a young Englishman, the Rev. E. E. Crosby, B. A., connected with our mission in Tonga. After kindly greetings had been exchanged, and we had cleared our goods through the Customs, Mr. Lindsay and I left in his boat for Navuloa, about twenty-five miles distant from Suva, by sea and river. We had a fine crew of seven men, a captain and six rowers, all of them local preachers in full standing and students in the Navuloa Institution. It was pleasing to observe how each man sought opportunity to express to his ‘guide, philosopher, and friend,’ pleased and respectful salutations on his return from far-off lands.

I shall not soon forget that moonlight sail across

Lauthala Bay, and row up the Rewa River. Over the silvery waters we dance, listening without a fear to the mad roar of the breakers on the reefs hard by, and looking complacently and admiringly at the long line of white hissing foam, that is as a defence of phosphorescent fire between the enemy and us. Old Neptune seems enraged to find such obstructions in his way, and that he cannot get at us : he roars and hisses in his madness. But we are safely inside those mighty fabrics of coral, which countless myriads of tiny but skilful and diligent architects have raised as natural breakwaters, and in comparison with which the mightiest works of men, grand as they are, are frail indeed.

‘ Creator ! Thou dost teach the coral-worm  
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age  
He builds beneath the waters, till at last  
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check  
The long wave rolling from the southern pole.’

Then we entered the broad and silent river that flows with many a winding from the far-off uplands of the interior. Often has war devastated the villages on its banks, and its waters, that now bear the fruits of peaceful industry by canoe and barge and steamer to ships that are anchored in the Roads, have been stained with blood, carrying other cargoes of human bodies for the cannibal feast. The river’s banks are clothed to the water’s edge with rankest vegetation of ever new



and ever surprising forms; the branching roots of the mangrove, intertwined in most intricate network, festoons of vinery in rich profusion, ferns of marvellous growth and variety, the rustling sugar-cane, the broad-leaved bananas, and, towering above all, the graceful cocoa-nut trees, whose umbrella-like tops stood out in clear relief against the moonlit sky. Then there were the cheerful and strange cries of the boatmen, one inciting the rest to extra exertion. With laughter and song they, mile after mile, toiled at the oars like machinery. Occasionally we heard a voice from the shore as we passed a native town, or a native canoe with its queer outrigger and statue-like occupant shot out from the shadows by the shore into the centre of the silvery stream. Then a song from some unseen singer in the density of the forest came floating towards us. So we glided along the surpassingly beautiful Rewa River, with its tortuous and network-like windings, past villages and plantations and islands, and arrived at Navuloa about the mystic hour of midnight, when on landing the boys gave us a hearty English 'Hip! hip! hurrah!' for the 'Talatala' (missionary) was once more amongst them in health and safety. You know the usual routine after long journeys—supper, the news from far-off lands, many questions and answers—and then, thanking God for journeying mercies across the great wide sea, to bed. But not to sleep, alas, at any rate for a long time, for some blood-

thirsty ruffians had obtained admittance to the room, and soon commenced their war-song in anticipation of tasting my blood. . What chance have I in the darkness against them ? They are numerous, keen-sighted though it is night, and active, provided with sharpest weapons, all eager for the conflict. They have been deprived of the pleasure of tasting ' white missionary ' for some months ! So, like one that beateth the air, at last I am wearied out, and, submitting to the inevitable, my blood flows. With the miserable satisfaction of having slaughtered only a few of the enemy, amid the rejoicing of the surviving mosquitoes, I fall asleep.

Methodism in Fiji gets up early in the morning, observing the good old custom of the early morning prayer-meeting. I felt a little ashamed of myself on Sabbath morning that when I reached the village church I met men, women, and children coming away, for the prayer-meeting was over. This was by no means the last reproof that Fijian Methodism gave me. I tried in this instance, however, to find excuse for myself in the exceptional circumstances of the preceding night, the lateness of retiring, and the persistent and monotonous war-songs of the mosquitoes. At 9 30 a.m. we went to the first preaching service. The congregation was one of local preachers, plus a few women and children, a most interesting assemblage indeed. A fine-looking young Fijian occupied the pulpit. Clad in a white sulu, and a spotlessly white and well-



starched shirt, with linen collar and black tie, he looked quite a picture of cleanliness and comfort, as did indeed all the students in the congregation. The sermon was a very vigorous one from the text, 'The Lord is at hand.' Both preacher and discourse were fine exhibitions of muscular Christianity. But there was more. I do not know to what school of thought Ambrose, the preacher, belongs—if Fijian preachers are advanced enough and unfortunate enough to be so divided—whether he is orthodox or heterodox—whether his sermon was theological, philosophical, poetical, or practical—whether it would suit pre-millenarian or post-millenarian; for I understood but one word in it—'Jisu'—the link-word between heaven and earth, the common centre for all races. That one word was the seed in my heart, dropped from a hand which, but for the power of the 'name that is above every name,' might have been wielding the murderous club or poisoning the deadly spear, and it yielded an abundant and speedy harvest of spiritual delight. It was good to be there. The baptism of two copper-coloured babies followed the sermon. Fathers as well as mothers stepped to the front,—a better custom than I have seen on many occasions in Australian churches—each father bearing his child, arrayed in beautiful robes of native cloth, on a little mat, and so, as the head of the family, presenting the child to God. Whilst the congregation is assembling and waiting in

church for the minister, instead of spending the time in idle gossip as do many, all join in chanting the catechism. A beautiful custom was observed, too, both at the beginning and at the close of the service, of chanting a prayer for God's blessing on the preaching of the Gospel. Then class-meetings were held in the church and in different houses throughout the village, and as we walked through the square we could hear singing in all directions. Truly I am in a Christian and not a heathen land. Mr. Lindsay and I went to visit the sick, for the missionary must be doctor as well as preacher. Indeed, he ought to know a good deal of well-nigh every profession and trade under the sun, except of course '*The Trade*,' I mean, the brewers' and publicans'. A baby lay nigh unto death, for death is in this earthly paradise. And there, close by the gates of death, that mother-love which is as old as our race and as widespread, that is born anew in every woman who becomes a mother, watched and wept and prayed that the child might live. Sabbath-school was held at one o'clock, and the second preaching service at half-past four, when I was called upon to officiate, Mr. Lindsay interpreting. A prayer-meeting was held at seven o'clock, when just as many attended as at the other services, excepting, perhaps, a few mothers and babies. Vigorous singing, earnest supplications, hearty responses, and general reverence marked the services of the day. So the Sabbath order at

Navuloa is as follows:—Prayer-meeting at 7 a.m.: Service 9.30 a.m., followed by class-meetings: Sabbath-School 1 p.m.: Service 4.30 p.m.: Prayer-meeting 7 p.m. Then about 9 p.m. the bell rings for family prayer in each house, and shortly after the drum beats—a kind of Fijian curfew—for lights to be put out, and all to go to bed. Such is Methodism at Navuloa on the Sabbath ‘from morn till dewy eve.’

I am glad that, as was fitting, my observation of our Church work in the South Pacific Islands began at this centre. Navuloa is the university of Fijian Methodism, from which many noble witnesses and martyrs for the things concerning Jesus have gone forth. So our Church has spread under the blessing of God by the multiplying power of a native agency. The scholastic training of the students is with special reference to the work before them, whilst of course no man is accepted for any department of work unless he can testify to that life which is of God. We shall have another opportunity of studying every-day life at Navuloa.





## CHAPTER IV.

### Amongst the Windward Islands.

BLESSED and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, Love, and Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide,  
Let there be light !

RETURNING to Suva, with the intention of voyaging amongst the islands farther east, I had the pleasure of meeting that old Fijian veteran, the Rev. J. Calvert, who had just arrived from England to revisit the scenes of former toils, dangers, and triumphs. Nearly fifty years ago James Calvert, with John Hunt and other devoted and heroic men, went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and now the harvest waves to the glory of God.

The s.s. 'Suva' left for Tonga, after we had had a day or two in Suva, having amongst her passengers Revs. J. Calvert, E. Crosby, B.A., and myself—Messrs.

Calvert and Crosby for Tonga, myself for Lomaloma in Vanua Balavu, one of the Windward Islands. How great the privilege of spending a few days in such company! What fire still in the old veteran, the hero of a hundred fights against the powers of darkness! What tales of adventure—some very serious, some very comic—he entertained us with! With what delight he looked into the faces of a few old friends! With what joy he greeted young and new ones!

Arriving at Levuka the next day at breakfast time, we climbed that very steep hill on which the mission house stands. Nearly all the Fijian mission houses are built on high, but it was my invariable experience that at the top of the Jacob's Ladder leading to each I found good angels who ministered to my comfort. The Rev. H. Worrall, recently from Sydney, is in charge of the Levuka Station. After breakfast Mr. W. and I went through the native town, where we saw a company of six or eight women dyeing the native cloth. This cloth is made out of the bark of the paper-mulberry tree. The strips of bark having been soaked in water are beaten out by the women and girls with small wooden mallets, and the whole is made adhesive for the required length and breadth by a mucilage obtained from arrowroot. After visiting one or two houses, we climbed the hills, the glorious Levuka Hills, amidst the loveliest scenery and the most luxuriant vegetation that can be imagined. I wish I could show



my readers a bouquet of the wild flowers, or adorn them with some of the leaves and vinery that we saw. Strength and beauty are here combined—the ‘strength of the hills’ and the variegated beauty of their living apparel, which, leaving no part bare, hangs in graceful folds of loveliness from summit to base. See yonder, far up, the sunlit heights, and here the shady nooks; listen to the splash of tiny cataracts and the murmur of busy streamlets, spreading life and beauty as they flow. Nature here is always ‘dressed for company,’ yet, save a few gorgeous butterflies, and here and there a lonely bird calling for its mate, there seem but few to hold converse with her. Still she is radiant, and frowns not at such neglect.

‘Nature cares not

Although her loveliness should ne’er be seen  
By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues.  
The cataract exults among the hills,  
And wears its crown of rainbows all alone.’

Mountains and hills, and trees and flowers, are praising God, Who still ‘walks in the garden in the cool of the day,’ taking delight in the works of His hands.

We left Levuka late at night, and in the morning were at Taviuni, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Slade. A recent and terrific hurricane had damaged the settlement very much. A great tidal wave set in at Vuna Point, swept stone jetty, bridge, and some houses away, injured the sugar mill very



considerably, and did much injury further inland. Living amid the peace of these temperate climes, where nature's wildest storms are comparatively calm, one may greatly enjoy a description in book or picture or song of one of these tempests of the tropics :

'He is come ! He is come ! do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?  
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !  
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale !  
How his huge and writhing arms are bent  
To clasp the zone of the firmament,  
And fold at length in their dark embrace  
From mountain to mountain the visible space !"

But admiration of the description of such hurricanes becomes a trembling of spirit in the wild grandeur of the reality, and wonder at the skill of the artist is changed by the mighty gusts of wind, the blinding flashes of lightning, the pouring torrents of rain, the mingling of fire and water, into awe of Him Who 'flies upon the wings of the wind ; Who makes darkness His secret place, and His pavilion round about Him dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.'

We found Brother Slade diligently repairing the parsonage, which bore a most dilapidated appearance, as indeed did the whole place. We had a short service in the church, when the Rev. J. Calvert gave an address to the Circuit students, who listened with loving regard to one of the band of faithful men who had

brought the word of life to their fathers. Then we called upon Mr. Moore, a planter, the son of an old Fijian missionary, the Rev. W. Moore, whose name also should be held in honour. After partaking of his hospitality, we walked through his cocoa-nut plantation, which, before the hurricane must have been a magnificent sight, the huge fan-like leaves almost hiding the sky. But now, beaten by the tempest and as if scorched by fire, the glory has departed. Much financial loss results, of course, from these 'blows,' as the planters call them, and the gardens of the natives suffer considerably, so that sometimes food becomes scarce.

From Vuna Point we went round to the other side of the island, and then struck a south-easterly course for Mango, an island which belongs to a sugar company. We had generally six or eight islands in sight, as we steamed along, and they seemed like floating gardens on a sea of glass. Having said 'Good-bye' to some gentlemen who had journeyed from Melbourne with us, and discharged stores for the estate, a few hours brought us to Vanua Balavu, at whose chief town, Lomaloma, the Rev. J. P. Chapman, recently of South Australia, lives. A few minutes after we anchored Mr. Chapman came off in his boat, rowed by ten sturdy fellows, and was considerably surprised to see one of his South Australian friends on the quarter-deck. Here the 'Suva' remained all night, for the

harbour can be entered and left only by daylight because of the numerous coral reefs. Adjoining Lomaloma is a Tongan town of considerable size, having a very fine church, which happily had stood the force of the hurricane, though the Fijian church close by had been wrecked. Here we had a most interesting service, at which Mr. Crosby preached in Tongan, and Mr. Calvert gave a short address in Fijian, for many of the people in these eastern islands can understand both languages. Next morning we bade farewell to Father C. and Brother C., and prayed that healing ointment might be applied to the wounds of unhappy Tonga.

My second Sabbath in Fiji was a most interesting day. Mr. Chapman and I started early in the morning for a town eight miles distant, six by sea, and then two miles inland. What a magnificent forest that is through which we and our crew walked, most of the way in single file because of the dense growth! How short those two miles seemed! They were two miles of wonder and delight. Arrived at the town called Mualevu, we first of all had a look at the new church in course of erection. Its roof, almost completed, is a beautiful piece of work, the reeds being interlaced in a most artistic fashion, with lovely shells fixed in at regular intervals. No fewer than forty churches in this Circuit alone were wrecked by the hurricane, and what with the destruction of food as well as property the people have had a hard time. Yet their gene-

osity abounds unto the work of the Lord. According to custom we sat in the native minister's house awhile before service. On one of the poles of the house I observed the following printed notice:—‘Sa tabu na yagona Rei na tovako e na vale ogo,’ that is, ‘It is forbidden to drink yangona (native intoxicant) or to smoke tobacco in this house,’ a pledge that would surely satisfy the most advanced member of the Total Abstinence Alliance. There is a penalty of £50 or three months’ imprisonment for giving a Fijian intoxicating liquors. Not needing, therefore, to take the pledge against our wine, beer, brandy, &c., the Fijian Blue Ribbonite, of whom I saw many, is pledged against the native intoxicant. The peculiarity about this intoxicant is that whilst it does not, like ours, befog the mind, it takes the power of locomotion from the legs. Many men are pledged, too, against tobacco. I heard of one man who, having signed this pledge, refused to give his stock of tobacco to the chief, but burned it. It was worth £1, a large sum for a native to sacrifice. It was to me matter of devout thankfulness that so far as I could learn the Fijian missionaries have not to mourn, as have many in other parts of the mission field, over wide-spread destruction amongst the natives, caused by the drink traffic. What is the testimony concerning other parts of the world? Hear one of the foremost secular papers of the day: ‘From Australia to Calcutta, from Hong-Kong to the Falkland Islands,

from Mauritius to Ceylon, the nation, whose sovereign writes herself "Defender of the Faith," has carried and taught the use of the deadliest poison invented by humanity. Nor is there in the prosecution of this infernal traffic the faintest pretence of consideration for the destined victims. The drink vended among the heathen is the most abominable, the fiercest, the most deadly stuff distilled. When Mauritius became a sugar colony the rum made there was unfit for exportation to England. So it was sent to Madagascar; and when the frightful results in crime and disease led the Malagasy king to prohibit the importation, the Mauritius merchants complained, the English government interfered, and free rum was forced upon the island. In the same manner opium was forced upon China at the point of the bayonet. With less effrontery but equal absence of principle, British liquor has been pushed through the valley of the Congo, and the missionaries have been driven to confess that against this foe they could make no headway. From time to time inquiries are made as to the rapid decay of the native races brought into contact with Europeans. Undoubtedly the chief cause of this decline is the European drink traffic. It has given the lie to the statements of the missionaries. It has reinforced every vicious and demoralizing influence already in existence. It has caused the more intelligent heathen to reject the proffered religion of a people who, while praising God with their



mouths, worship the devil with their hands.' This is a terrible indictment against a professedly Christian nation, and judgment will surely come. May Fiji be spared from this blighting curse.

Service past, we had dinner in the teacher's house, Mr. Chapman, myself, and our ten rowers. The hostess did not seem a bit distressed by the number of her guests. An abundant supply of food was brought in by different persons, and placed on the mats in front of us. Fijian houses are furnished very simply and inexpensively. Tables and chairs there are none, and if you want such luxuries as cups and saucers, and knives and forks, as a rule you must take them with you when you travel. The first course in our dinner was Fijian soup, drunk out of a cocoa-nut shell; then we had boiled fowl with yams and taro, followed by biscuits and tea. During dinner our host in his anxiety for our comfort sat in front of us fanning the flies and mosquitoes away, and no man of the whole company, all sitting at a respectful distance, would eat a morsel of the abundant supply that had been brought till we gave the word. Such is Fijian etiquette. The lady of the house was so excessively and oppressively polite that she would not draw near to us, *the chiefs*, except bowed to the ground. After dinner, wooden pillows, one short, which I suppose was a bachelor's pillow, and one long, which I took to be a married man's pillow, were brought out, so that we might enjoy a short siesta.



In the afternoon we attended the funeral of a woman who died in the early morning. In such a climate as that of Fiji burial must quickly follow death. The head, face, and hands of the corpse were freely anointed with cocoa-nut oil. No wooden coffin, of course, was used, but the body was wrapped up in immense rolls of beautiful native cloth and valuable mats. Then a large opening was cut in the end of the house, through which the body was passed out. We asked why this was done, and an old man explained that they considered it unlawful to carry a dead body out by the door through which food, the emblem of life, was brought in. I do not know if the same custom is observed in the western parts of Fiji, this being the only funeral I attended. When King Thakombau died at Bau, the house in which he died was pulled down, and thrown into the sea, and his death was announced amongst the islands in this formula, 'The house has fallen.' A shallow grave had been prepared, in which more mats were laid, which were carefully folded round the body, the service proceeded in the usual way, and the grave was filled in. It was an old heathen custom to cut off half a finger as a sign of mourning, especially on the death of a chief. I suppose the number of fingers suspended over the doorway would mark the intensity of sorrow. I saw several men and women whose hands had been thus mutilated. Of course we had nothing of the kind in connection with this death.

Mourning apparel in the form of dirty pieces of old matting was worn outside the ordinary clothing, calling to mind the sackcloth of the East.

Returning to Lomaloma, we were a little late for the lovefeast, at which about one hundred and eighty were present, Tongans and Fijians uniting. Though I could not understand what they said, I knew they were testifying of that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and my heart 'burned within me by the way.' After tea we had about two hundred present at what is called a *Bo-lotu*, or night meeting. This particular kind of meeting is Tongan, and was conducted by the Tongan teacher. It was a novel and most interesting service. Commencing in the usual way by singing and prayer, after an address the peculiarities of the service began to show themselves. During the singing of the second hymn, about twenty men and women retired from the church, and we soon heard them chanting away in the distance. Drawing nearer and nearer, they stood at the door of the church, their wonderful music rising and falling in strong and sweet cadences. Then, at a sign from the leader, they marched up the aisle, a few steps at a time, still singing, till they reached the front of the pulpit, when they fell upon their knees, and prayer was offered amid the loud responses of the congregation. Prayer over, the company again chanted, this time upon their knees, during which a second choir of twenty or so retired from the church, and their

music was soon heard drawing near. When about half-a-dozen companies, representing different towns, had gone through this routine, we had a fellowship meeting, and in such a warm fellowship meeting I have never been before, except, perhaps, immediately after a revival, when all hearts are on fire. There was no need to say, 'Now, brethren, do not wait for one another : ' no need to hint gently, 'Perhaps some of our sisters would like to testify : ' no need to fill in an awkward gap of silence with singing. The difficulty was all in the other direction. While the company sang, men and women, sometimes half-a-dozen at a time, stood upon their feet, thus indicating their desire to tell what God had done for them and was doing in them. This continued till ten o'clock with no sign of flagging, with no chilly draught blowing through the place. Over thirty spoke, two of them being converts at the meeting. Fijian and Tongan alternated. Some would begin to speak in Fijian, and slide off into Tongan, and *vice versa*. The women wept, and the men shouted, and there was about as much noise as at one of the old type Cornish revivals. The Fijians cried, 'Vinaka ! Vinaka ! ' (Praise ; Praise !) and the Tongans shouted, 'Fakafetai ! ' (Praise the Lord !)—for the Lord was in the place and in our hearts of a truth. At the close I was desired to give a short address, and said, 'I am glad to be in your wonderful land, and in this glorious meeting. I have been delighted to see these beautiful

islands, the beautiful trees and flowers, which are new to me. But I am more pleased to know of your love to Christ. The words of our lips differ, but we have all the same language of the heart, and that is love to Him Who first loved us. I could not sing with you just now, but by-and-bye, if we are faithful, we shall sing together the new song, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory for ever and ever."'





## CHAPTER V.

### Amongst the Windward Islands. (Continued.)

HAIL, Saviour, Prince of peace !  
Thy kingdom shall increase,  
Till all the world Thy glory see ;  
And righteousness abound,  
As the great deep profound,  
And fill the earth with purity !

THE days, bringing as they do to the Fijian tourist fresh scenes and experiences, seem to fly with accelerated velocity. There is so much that is new, and being new attractive, both in men and nature, that one soon exhausts his stock of interjections expressive of wonder and delight, and has to resort to double superlatives. If you are disposed to stay at home, sit on the verandah in the calm and bright morning, and there rises from the students in the Circuit Institution at the foot of the hill the strong and glad hymn of praise, with which every day's studies are commenced. Then you hear the monotonous 'tap, tap' of the mal-



lets used by the women in the manufacture of cloth, or the echo of a loud call from a distant canoe comes across the peaceful and sparkling waters. If you are disposed to go abroad, follow the winding and descending path through rows of crotons, bananas, and cocoanuts to the village, and you may study Fijian life in its simplicity. Half a mile further on, and you are in the midst of Tongan life. Smiles and kindly greetings meet you on every hand as you stroll along. If it be not too warm, climb the hills. Yonder on a rise to the south is a cemetery, with strangely fashioned graves and curious epitaphs. Spare a little time for 'meditations amongst the tombs.' Higher up still, and you can look east and west and south over the island-dotted sea, an archipelago of loveliness. Wander along the beach, fire rages beneath your feet, for there is a hot lake yonder amongst the rocks, and here is a girl cooking shell-fish in the hot springs close by the shore. There are heaps of pumice stone lying about, borne along by winds and waves from the distant Tonga, where a new island recently appeared. Trace yonder streamlet back into the forest, and you will see the yam patches and the taro beds, and perhaps meet a few men here and there working in their unfenced gardens with primitive implements of agriculture, and in very primitive attire too. So, whichever way one turns, there is much to interest and something to instruct.

True to our old name of 'Rounders,' Mr. Chapman



and I decided to circumnavigate the island of Vanua Balavu. Leaving Lomaloma about mid-day, it was quite dark before we reached the town where we intended to spend the night. The tide had fallen so that we could not get our cutter close in to the shore, and I had my first experience in a canoe. This was simply a log hollowed out, shaped a little like a boat, having an outrigger to prevent its rolling over. Some canoes are very large, and with immense mat sails drive along at a furious rate; you have to sit pretty squarely in the small ones, and, to use a figure of speech, must be careful to wink with both eyes at once. We went, as is the custom, to the teacher's house. He, poor fellow, was rather hard up, I hope only temporarily, and could manage only sweet potatoes for us. However, hunger makes up for many deficiencies: so, thankful for what mercies we enjoyed, we stretched out on the mats, to dream perchance of civilized lands and luxuries. Next morning at daybreak, the village 'lali' (wooden drum) was beaten, and we had service, the church being quite full. Mr. Chapman interpreted my address to a most attentive congregation, the boys and the girls seeming amazed that I could speak such a strange language as English, for they listened with eyes and ears and mouths, and when a stranger word than usual came out, smiled and nudged one another in a quiet way. During breakfast—this time we were well off with fowl and yams and rice—an old man entertained us

with the relation of some of his early experiences of heathen times. When a young man he ate human flesh, 'just as we now eat pig's flesh,' he said, but when the Lotu (Christianity) came he became ashamed. It makes one feel a little queer to look into the face of a man who has feasted so horribly, and I must confess to just a small sensation of nervousness a little while afterwards when walking through the forest, this man being behind me with a hatchet in his hand. What if the old appetite should suddenly and overpoweringly arise? One blow, and for a day or two he would forget the scarcity that is in some parts by reason of the hurricane. What groundless fears and needless thoughts! That man is a brother in Christ Jesus, and no more thinks of eating me than I do of eating him.

We started out again upon our voyaging, passing several places of historic interest, and were soon threading the mazes of the wonderful Bay of Islands. Here were fairy islets that threatened to close up our way, then out through a narrow passage our boat would glide into the midst of other magic circles of beauty. Anon we got a peep of the deep blue sea outside, and the white foam on the distant reefs. Here in the cool depths of the glassy sea are reflected sunny peaks draped in gossamer clouds. If fairies dwell anywhere, it must surely be in such enchanted realms as these. Towards evening our voyage began to be somewhat wearisome, and perhaps a little dangerous, for we had

to beat up against a stiff head wind, and were amongst the reefs. We had one boy at the masthead and another on the bows, to keep a 'bright look-out,' which my old friend, Captain Melville, of Port Augusta, calls 'the practical part of navigation.' When we were a few miles from home Mr. Chapman sent a boy ashore with a message to Mrs. Chapman to send on the smaller boat to Mualevu. We put in at this town, got a guide and a lamp for a two miles' walk through the forest, and then met the rowers, who soon took us home to comfort once more. The cutter remained at Mualevu for more favourable breezes, finishing her voyage next day. I was considerably surprised and amused at the way in which our guide prepared the lamp for us. Taking the kerosene mouthful by mouthful out of the tin, he squirted it into the reservoir of the lamp, and so filled it. I do not know if this is the usual practice, our friend at Mualevu may have had a peculiar taste.

A day or two after this trip I heard our 'masthead' boy preach a sermon from Psalm lxxiii. 28: 'But it is good for me to draw near to God.' The following is a translation, kindly made by the Rev. John Leggoe, of the outline which the preacher gave me.

'I. Let me explain the nature of prayer. Prayer is spoken of in many places in the Word of God. Therein we are taught its value and importance. It is described under such words as *Seek* and *Ask*. The

value of importunity is taught us in Matthew xv. 22-28. In our text it is spoken of as 'drawing near to God.'

1. We draw near to God when we pray from our hearts. The heart-felt prayers are those which reach heaven, and are heard by the Divine Father. See Acts ix. 11.

2. We cannot draw near to God effectually unless we separate ourselves from all sin, whether hidden in our hearts or apparent in our lives.

3. We cannot draw near to God unless we ask Him to help us by His Holy Spirit. See Romans viii. 26.

4. We should draw near to God with strong and mighty faith.

II. The benefits of prayer, and the times when we realize them.

1. When we are faint-hearted by the way.
2. In all the changes of this present life.
3. In the hour of temptation.
4. In the hour of sorrow and bereavement.
5. In the hour of spiritual weakness.
6. When persecuted and mocked.
7. In sickness and weakness.
8. When we are anxious to benefit our friends who are exposed to temptation and evil. Illus. Abraham praying for Lot.

Application :

1. We learn the value of religion in our prayers. We have this privilege which the irreligious do not possess.

2. Let others say what they will, we Christians know we receive blessings through prayer.'

This outline covers considerable ground, and contains good wholesome doctrine, but the subject is not such as shows best how the Fijian mind works. The next sermon I heard, from Isaiah xxxii. 2, 'Rivers of water in a dry place,' translated to me sentence by sentence, was really eloquent, the theme appearing to suit both preacher and people exactly, and giving room for the poetic sentiments of spiritual life and knowledge.

I had the pleasure of attending a wedding at Lomaloma. Both bride and bridegroom, who looked by-the-way dreadfully solemn, were enveloped in so much native cloth that they could hardly walk or stoop. They were well oiled for the occasion, and I must say that I prefer getting to windward of a well-oiled Fijian. No bridesmaid or groomsman supported the bashful couple. After the ceremony both took off a considerable portion of their wedding garments, and seemed much more comfortable. The bride was kind enough to present me with part of her bridal costume, but what particular garment it is I cannot undertake to say. I was surprised to see his lordship the bridegroom



march off by himself, as though he had nothing whatever further to do with the lady. He will soon find out, I judge, that he is no longer a free man.

I do not think I enjoyed anything in Fiji, that is, outside the churches, more than the Tongan 'Meke' which I heard. Mr. Chapman was good enough to invite ten Tongan maidens up to the parsonage, that I might be entertained with their singing. These girls chanted almost incessantly for an hour and a half, keeping faultless time with voices, hands, and bodies. They were clad in differently coloured sulus and capes, and each girl was enwreathed with brilliant flowers. As they sat in a semicircle on the mats their appearance was most picturesque. Their actions were most graceful, and the supply of 'mekes' seemed inexhaustible, each 'meke' having its particular and appropriate accompaniment in the motions of hands and bodies. There seemed no slip in tone or word or action, all sang and moved as if by one impulse.

In the afternoon of the following day we visited the Tongan town near Lomaloma, and examined the house in which Maafu, a kind of Tongan king of the Windward Islands, used to live. Several interesting relics were shown us by the old man in charge, such as Maafu's sword, the whip with which he used to thrash the refractory, and amongst other articles of furniture not expected in a native house, two splendid drawing-room mirrors, in which I suppose his yellow majesty

used to admire himself: or it may be they were his wife's property. Her ladyship, still living, I believe, is so large that being seated she cannot rise without assistance. Attending a feast at Bau, ten men carried her in a chair up the steep hill to the parsonage, and then, because of her size, had to lift her over the gate!

At night, by way of variety of entertainment, we had a Fijian war-dance on a small scale. This, while interesting, was a most hideous exhibition, and made one feel inclined to stand behind a friendly cocoa-nut tree, lest perchance the old fire should break out afresh, and the little party of whites furnish food for the ovens. It was a weird scene, in the cocoa-nut forest at night, lighted by torches held by Fijian damsels. About twenty men took part, each half in turn singing while the other half went through their warlike evolutions. The get-up of the warriors—they were all local preachers in good standing, thank the Lord—was hideous in the extreme. Their advances and retreats, all in the most exact time, their startling war-cries, the flourishing of their clubs, the marvellous contortions of their bodies, formed a novel exhibition worth beholding, as suggestive of the days of bloodshed that had passed away. Before the war-dance a feast was provided for them, which put them in most excellent spirits, and all did their best.

My week on Vanua Balavu has been filled with most pleasant experiences, and now I must once more

face old Neptune. There is smoke on the distant horizon, a shout, '*steamer*,' goes through the villages and along the beach, and soon the '*Suva*' is discharging passengers and cargo from Tonga, and taking on passengers and cargo for the western islands and ports. What a busy scene! What a Babel of tongues! Laughing girls and boys are on the beach, and paddling about in canoes, pelting one another with oranges. Farewell, happy and simple people, may we meet on a brighter shore!

The steamer, lightly laden, tumbles about a good deal as soon as we get outside the reefs, and what with that and the conglomeration of smells, such as steam, heated oil, paint, bad tobacco, &c., &c., I cannot say that I enjoy voyaging. With a good basketful of curios and shells I left Lomaloma, grateful for the very kind and thoughtful attentions of the Rev. J. P. and Mrs. Chapman.





## CHAPTER VI.

### Refua and Nabuloa.

AND duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

ON the return from the Windward Islands we called again at Mango, but remained only long enough to get the mail. How eagerly letters and newspapers are looked for by the lonely dwellers on some of these distant islands ! Next day we went up the western coast of Taviuni, and shipped cattle and various kinds of merchandise. It was too stormy to go ashore at the mission station to see Mrs. Slade, and our stay was but brief. Late in the evening we shaped our course for Ovalau, and at breakfast time next morning were once more in Levuka harbour. Mr. and Mrs. Worrall were away at Bau, so that I was thrown upon my own resources for the day's entertainment. However, it was not needful to leave the jetty for that entertainment, and having moreover a good supply of Tongan oranges,

I fared very well under the circumstances. At eleven p.m. we left for Suva, which town we reached about eight o'clock the next morning. Mr. Lindsay's boat arrived in the afternoon, and on the following day I left for Navuloa, intending to spend some time in the important circuits in that neighbourhood, Rewa, Bau, and Viwa. Lacking an interpreter on this trip, it was very little I could understand from the boys or they from me. So I ate and drank and read and meditated, and made ludicrous attempts at conversation, and dozed as we sailed or rowed along. Having tacked across Lauthala Bay we entered the Rewa Roads, and the lads poled the boat along one of the river branches, which was too narrow for pulling. We often seemed completely closed in by green walls of shrubs and trees, and then the winding stream would open out into new deliverances and surprising beauties, till we got out into the main channel of the river, which I have already described. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay welcomed me most heartily, and I felt glad after the promiscuous company of steamboat and hotel to be in genial Methodist society once more.

Our next outing was in the Rewa Circuit, a diocese having 25,000 adherents under the superintendence of the Rev. W. E. Bromilow. We, that is, Mr. Lindsay and I, took possession of the parsonage, Mr. and Mrs. Bromilow being away in Victoria. At the back of the parsonage are immense mounds, which are the burial



place of chiefs. On the Sabbath Mr. Lindsay conducted two native services, and I preached morning and evening at two sugar estates up the Rewa. Our boatmen were preachers also, and went to take services in the villages here and there. In the evening at the English service there were fifty or sixty present, which is a large white congregation for this part of the world. Next morning we went through the sugar-mill at Nausori, which, I am told, is the largest in the world, the company employing about 200 whites and 1,000 coolies. The sub-manager very kindly and carefully explained the process of sugar boiling to us. We saw the cane going into the crushers, and followed up the whole process till we saw the brown sugar bagged and shipped to the colonies to be refined. The heat in the mill was most terrific, the odours new, surprising, horrible; the stickiness simply abominable; yet out of these purity and sweetness come by fire.

During our stay at Nausori we were the guests of the widow of the Rev. Abel Kaibure, who visited the colonies a few years ago, but died shortly after his return to Fiji. What a feast the people brought in for us on Sabbath evening, yams, taro, bread, tinned meats, eggs, butter, tea, and even an apple pie made by one of the native girls! A formal presentation of the food was made. With clapping of hands and cries of 'Vinaka! Vinaka!' it was accepted in the usual polite style, and thus the whole became our property, to be

eaten or taken away, as we pleased. The chief of the village, who was present, was invited to join us at tea, and we did full justice to the bountiful provision.

We left Nausori about midday for Navuloa, calling *en route* at Nakelo. Here we had the honour of shaking hands with a very high chief known as the King of Nakelo, a very old man with a very young wife, a very handsome woman, who is a niece of Thakombau's. This is the first time I have had the privilege of meeting Fijian royalty, though petty chiefs seem to be abundant. One is rather astonished at times to be told that the young man waiting at table, or pulling an oar in the boat, is a noble, that is, an aristocrat. Let me say here that I did not meet any Fijian man or woman who was not extremely polite, and some were oppressively so, according to our colonial notions.

At Navuloa I went several times into the Institution to see the students at work, and make proof of their attainments. There are over a hundred students in residence, picked men from all the circuits, who undergo a two or three years' course in preparation for employment as village teachers and catechists, and then on, if they are especially promising, to the ranks of the village ministry. Whatever else these men may be ignorant of, they know their Bibles well, as well as Scotch folk I should think, and I would not like to stand side by side with some of them at an examination in Bible history. Of course they read hardly anything

else, for there are very few Fijian books. They have translations of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' John Hunt's Sermons, with perhaps one or two other works. I examined the most advanced in several subjects, and was much pleased. The time of their annual examination was at hand, and at Mr. Lindsay's request I prepared an arithmetic paper for them, which, from what I remember of school work, was about equal to the work done by boys of the fifth form.

From one of the larger books on Fiji I quote the following specimens of Fijian proverbial philosophy, which my young readers may not have seen:—

(a) 'There is a wind that blows for many years without stopping: but at last there comes a lull, it stops, and a world falls! What wind is it that blows, and what is the world that falls? Answer.—The wind is the breath of man, and the world that falls is man himself.'

(b) 'We have just buried some old men, who, however, ere long, will come back to us again fresh and youthful. Answer.—We are just back from burying a lot of old yams, which six months hence will come to us again as young ones.'

(c) Here is the creed of canoe-builders and carpenters:—

'The source of all chopping power is the stomach.' That is Australian philosophy too.

(d) Somewhat akin to Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages

of Man' is the following:—'There is a little animal which at sunrise and for a short while after has but one leg. As the sun climbs upwards, he gains four legs. Presently, when the sun is a little higher, and for a long time after, he returns to the use of two legs. Then at last when the 'eye of day' prepares to go down, this wonderful animal hobbles along on three legs.' Explanation:—1. Helpless infant. 2. Infant crawling on all fours. 3. Youth and manhood walking on two legs. 4. 'Give me my walking-stick,' says the tottering old man.

Mr. Lindsay delivers 'Question-Box Lectures' to the students at regular intervals. It is a most interesting time when the box is opened, and the oftentimes curious questions are answered. I selected the following questions as specimens:—

1. 'Did Judas go to heaven? Who appointed him to sell Jesus as our atonement?'

2. 'Where does the wind come from, heaven or earth?'

3. 'What government, country, or man invented guns, for there were none in olden times?'

4. 'Who set in order the books of the Bible, for they were not written at the same time?'

Here are the pulsations of intellectual life quickened by that spiritual life which is begotten of the Holy Ghost. Shall we deny to these men the bread for which they hunger? I went from the reading of 'Fiji

and the Fijians,'—a record of wars and cannibalism, of superstition and corruption—into the midst of these men 'clothed and in their right minds,' and my spirit was stirred with wonder and thankfulness within me. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

We had also a school examination here which was very interesting. Several schools of one section of the Navuloa Circuit united for this annual demonstration. I wish I had a coloured photograph of the company of happy and shining boys and girls to show you, especially when formed in square for their 'mekes.' Imagine if you can a company of about one hundred and fifty copper-coloured lads and lasses, of ages ranging from eighteen down to eight. Parents and friends in considerable numbers are interested spectators of the afternoon's proceedings. The village square has a most brilliant appearance. The youngsters are dressed in their gayest sulus. Many are adorned in the most artistic fashion with flowers, leaves, vinery. They are freely anointed with cocoa-nut oil for the occasion. The business of the afternoon begins with an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic. That ended, all retire for awhile to the forest for the completion of their adornment, and preparation for the next part of the programme. Soon they are seen issuing from amongst the shrubs and trees in single file, a regular rainbow for variety and brightness of colours. Pass-



ing in front of the missionary's seat, each child places on the ground an offering of food, yams, or taro, or cocoanuts, until there is a considerable heap. This food is afterwards divided amongst some of the people, who, I suppose, were the poorest. Now, under the direction of one of the village teachers, they are formed into square, boys on one side, girls on the other. At a signal they sit down upon the grass. A girl begins a strange chant. After a few notes the other girls join in. Soon the deeper voices of the boys are heard, until the whole company is at it most vigorously. With this singing are very graceful motions of their bodies and actions of the hands, all keeping splendid time. One hundred and fifty bodies bend this way or that as one. One hundred and fifty hands pat the ground as if only one touched it. Three hundred hands clap together as if only one pair had clapped. It was a most exciting concert, and instead of crying, 'Encore,' we shouted out in true Fijian style, 'Vinaka! Vinaka!' The 'mekes' they sang were first about the Revs. Messrs. Cross and Cargill, and the introduction of Christianity at Lakemba, where the standard of the Gospel was first unfurled, and then about the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. They have, I understand, a great number of these chants about Biblical and historic events, and so the knowledge of these things is kept fresh in the children's minds.



## CHAPTER VII.

### Bau.

CAN we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

MY next abiding place was Bau, which, though a very small island, is from a native standpoint the hub of Fiji, the aristocratic West End, rejoicing in the olden days in the high-sounding title of the 'God-land,' the centre of political power, and still retaining something of its glory. The Rev. F. Langham, chairman of the District, lives here, so this is the Methodist centre likewise. Mr. and Mrs. Langham have been in Fiji nearly thirty years, and can enter into closer sympathy with the Apostle Paul in 2 Cor. xi. 26-28 than can most of us. When Mr. Langham writes his

autobiography, as I trust he will, he will have some thrilling adventures to narrate, and some glorious evidences of Divine protection and deliverance. If Messrs. Cross and Cargill, Hunt and Calvert, Watsford and Williams and others planted the seed of the Kingdom in Fiji, Mr. Langham and his contemporaries have nurtured the young and tender plant, and now it is a great tree, and it is like Joseph, 'a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall.' Let us honour the noble men and women, whose names are surely worthy to be added to the list of the faithful and heroic in Heb. xi., who, when they went to Fiji, went out on no holiday excursion, as we now go, finding nothing but kindness wherever we travel. They went to face death, if need be, that they might snatch the prey from the mighty by proclaiming Jesus the Saviour of men. What great names are on the mission roll of modern times! Brainerd and Carey, Judson and Duff, Shaw and Livingstone and Moffat, Williams and Hunt and Patteson and many now living have been and are heroes of the cross in many lands. From humble ranks they have come. Martyn was the son of a Cornish miner, Livingstone a Scotch cotton operative, Duff the son of a farmer, Carey a dealer in second-hand shoes, Judson the son of a Congregational minister, Hunt a Lincolnshire ploughboy, Morrison served his time as a last-maker, and Williams was apprenticed to an ironmonger. Now, men of high rank and wealth

and learning are fired with a pure zeal for God and humanity, and are consecrating all to this service. Theodore Parker said, 'If the modern missionary enterprise had done no more than produce one such character as Adoniram Judson, it was worth more than all the money that had been spent upon it.' But Judson is only one of a bright constellation of holy and devoted men and women, for whom the world has reason to thank God. Nor should we forget those who, brought out of the darkness of heathenism, have become ministers of light and life to others. These men, white and brown and black, have restored the lineaments of apostolic heroism, that had become worn and faded almost out of recognition. Themistocles could not sleep when he heard of the deeds of Miltiades. Charles Simeon had the portrait of Henry Martyn hanging in his study, that it might say to him, 'Be in earnest, Simeon.' May we be followers of those 'who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises.'

'The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Above all meaner cares.'

So let us hold the truth as a trust no less than a privilege, and ever remember that we are debtors to those who are in need. We must see our stewardship in our

sonship, and reading on from Luke xv. to Luke xvi. advance from feasting to fidelity.

Mr. Langham has a large and splendid collection of genuine curios, some of which would make your flesh creep a little, perchance. His study is more wonderful and interesting than the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' What memories of dark days and terrible scenes cluster round those skulls and clubs and spears and cannibal forks! Here is the cannibal fork, with handle beautifully carved, which King Thakombau presented to Mr. Langham. Into many a choice morsel of human flesh this fork has doubtless been thrust. Here is a sail-needle made out of the shinbone of the chief Batinamu, (Mosquito tooth—appropriate name,) a man who intended to kill and eat the Rev. Thomas Williams, one of the early missionaries.

The little hill which, with a very narrow fringe of level coast ground, part of which has been reclaimed from the sea, forms the island of Bau, is not much more than a mile in circumference, and is separated from the mainland of Viti Levu by a narrow and shallow channel. On this island, blood has flowed like water. Hither have been brought countless victims, and the ovens have not lacked for bodies. What fiendish joy was manifested when the canoes, laden with victims for the horrid feast, returned from their war expeditions, the bodies of babes and young children dangling at the masthead! Yonder is a part of the town that



was called 'Butchers' Quarter,' where they dwelt whose business it was to do the clubbing. The immense foundations of the old heathen temple still remain. Outside its door stood that historic stone, against which so many victims were battered to death, but which now does duty as a baptismal font in the Thakombau Memorial Church.

What a magnificent view there is from the top of Bau Hill of the mainland and the islands in the distance! This hill, called the 'top of the town,' was formerly the receptacle of filth and rubbish, but now is occupied by parsonage and schools, and is the burial place of a king. Is it not strange that where nature is so lovely man should have been so vile? How is it that the native inhabitants of the most lovely regions of the world seem the least able to appreciate that loveliness? They walk unconcerned amid such scenery as would send poet or artist into ecstasies. Here is

'The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,  
Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.'

The flush of poetic beauty is on all—on the blue sky and sea, on the islands set like gems on Ocean's brow, and the glistening foam on the coral reefs surrounding them, on the deep green forests and luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers, but the mind of the Fijian grovelled in the most vulgar and debasing earthliness. Nature

in her loveliness here protested against the vileness of man: he heeded not her voice. But when the living Christ spoke the message of love and purity by His ambassadors, men listened and wondered, and wept and prayed and rejoiced in His salvation.

Bau, that was an Akeldama, is now the Jerusalem of Fiji, whither the tribes go up to worship. It has a very fine stone church, 97 feet by 45 feet inside measurement, with walls  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick, the cathedral of Fijian Methodism. It was built with the stone gathered from the foundations of fifteen heathen temples, and will hold, I judge, about eight hundred people. A Fijian congregation sits tailor-fashion on mats, men on one side of the church, women on the other. One mat in the Bau church is eighty feet long and twenty-two feet wide. I had the pleasure of preaching in this church from Psalm xl. 3: 'He hath put a new song in my mouth,' and assisted afterwards at the baptism of two men, the font being the stone to which I have referred, that had been so often stained with blood.

At Bau there still lives an old man who had assisted at the strangling of the wives of Tanoa, Thakombau's father. To look upon that old man prostrate before the Lord is to see what the Gospel has been doing in every generation, making all things new. The widow of good old Joeli Bulu, that hero of the cross, is here too, awaiting re-union in brighter realms. Thakombau's daughter, Lady Harriet Flag, for many years a

class-leader in Bau Church, a princess, a mother in Israel, has recently gone to her reward. 'Kings' daughters are among Thy honourable women.'

I made a pilgrimage, as in duty bound, to Thakombau's grave, which is only a short distance from Bau parsonage. It is an immense mound on the highest part of the hill overlooking the sea. This mound is edged with large slabs of stone, and enclosed with a neat fence. A few words concerning this wonderful man may be interesting. His life has, perhaps, no parallel in history. A journal of that life, if such had been kept, would have had an immense circulation, for the wildest romance would have paled before it. It began in the foulest horrors of idolatry and cannibalism. He clubbed to death while yet a very young boy the son of a minor chief. When as a young man he was extending his power, he moved so stealthily and struck so venomously as to gain for himself the name 'Thikinovu,' that is 'The Centipede.' He seems to have had a distinct genius for war, and was born to be a ruler. Paul's terrible picture of the vices of the pagan world in his day is no exaggeration of the vices of Fijian heathenism. There are heathen lands in which rays of Christian light shine, and the darkness is less intense because of Christian environment, but in the heathenism of Fiji well-nigh everything good was strangled, and sin rioted unchecked. Thakombau was the incarnation of such heathenism. Missionary enter-

prise struck sharp blows at his personal vices and official cruelties. Men of God prayed for him, and pleaded with him to repent of his sin and seek Divine mercy. He lotu'd in 1854, and after a long period of probation, during which he brought forth 'fruits meet for repentance,' he was baptized. The hard-hearted and cruel had, by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, become merciful and kind, the proud chief was humbled, the unclean was now chaste. How cruel he had been! Putting a fish-hook in a man's tongue, he drew it out as far as possible, cut it off, boiled it, and ate it before the victim's eyes. How true the change that was wrought in him! Many years ago, a rebel was caught and brought before the council of chiefs to be tried. Some were for clubbing him at once. Thakombau asked Mr. Langham, who was present, 'What shall we do with him?' Mr. Langham replied, 'That is for you to say, Sir.' 'Then,' said the King, 'we will take him down to Bau, and show him what Christianity has done for us.' In 1870, he was acknowledged King of Fiji. Visiting Sydney he is said to have remarked, 'I wish I were young again, but it is too late for me now to set up these wonderful works of yours in Fiji.' After a brief reign of four years, he ceded the sovereignty to England, and the islands were formally annexed in September, 1874, an allowance of £1,500 a year being made to him. His death on February 1st, 1883, resulted from the rupture of an abscess. Speak-

ing of his religious life the *Fiji Times* said, 'The Wesleyan Church loses in him one of its most distinguished members. His influence on the side of Christianity, and of good in general, has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism he has led a worthy life, and though eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness, and disregard to human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people. Thakombau saw his kingdom gathered into one compact whole. There is little doubt that but for his assistance the work of reconciling the natives to English supremacy would have been more difficult and more prolonged.' This testimony, coming from a secular and local source, is specially valuable. Argument for the truth and power of Christianity can never be wanting while we can point to such transformations. 'Go and show John those things which ye do hear and see' is the best answer still to all critical questions and carping criticisms.

The account of Thakombau's death, as related by the Rev. F. Langham, is very interesting. A day or two before his death he said to one of his attendants, 'Faith is a good thing, it is a great thing, for it is by faith we are saved. Ah, Salvation is a great thing. Salvation is the one thing.' Towards the middle of the night before his death he said, 'We have not had prayers yet, have we? Well, we will have them now,



and I will conduct them,' and then he prayed in his usual beautifully simple style. The name of Jesus was often on his lips, and to those around him he would say, 'Be thou faithful unto death.' Once he prayed, 'Lord, be gracious unto me. Here I lie in obedience to Thy will. Life and death are in Thy hands. Thou alone rulest.' Early in the morning of the day on which he died, he was heard praying, 'Lord, be gracious to Thy servant. Help me this day. Give me Thy Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus Thy Son, my Saviour.' His last audible prayer was, 'Hold me, Jesus! Hold me, Jesus! My faith in Thee is firm.' And thus passed away the King of Fiji, a trophy of Divine grace. His funeral was deferred for about three months, during which the body lay in state. A raised space in the house was curtained with drapery of native cloth, and this was the chamber of death, visited by multitudes of the people, both European and Fijian. Many Fijian customs were observed in connexion with his burial. A great funeral feast was prepared. The house in which he died was torn down and cast into the sea. His immense double canoe was drawn up on the beach to be used no more. Devout men carried Thakombau to his burial, and he was buried like a king.

Is it not witnessed in every land that 'our people die well?' Hear the dying testimonies of two Fijians, reported by Joeli Bulu. Daniel Kepa said, 'Every day have I an assurance of the pardon of my sins. I know

that if my life here were to end to-day, I should enter upon life eternal in heaven. In the night my soul is full of peace, for I found the love of God, and He helped me. Plain as noonday is it to me that my soul is saved, therefore I fear not to die, for I know that when my soul is parted from my body I shall live for ever with my God through Jesus Christ my Lord. . . . I am ready to be gone to-day. This Sabbath shall I spend in heaven. Let your words be few. My Lord is here, and calls me away. Look! behold the Lord!’

Reubeu of Ono spoke thus: ‘Weep not for me: as for me, I live. The Lord and His angels are hastening to take me with Him.’ If you love me, hold fast to the Lotu. Be earnest in religion. This very day shall I look with mine eyes upon the things which I believed, though I saw them not. Now am I going to possess them all. . . . Do you not see Him? Look! The house is full of angels! My Saviour is hastening me away! Farewell! Great is my love to you.’ So are Christ’s words being fulfilled: ‘They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.’

‘O may we triumph so,  
When all our warfare’s past,  
And, dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### Viwa.

O JESUS ! ride on, Till all are subdued,  
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle Thy blood :  
Display Thy salvation, And teach the new song  
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

ABOUT two miles from Bau is the lovely islet of Viwa, notorious in former days like Bau for deeds of darkness, but having a succeeding glorious history of grace, for it was the scene of a remarkable work of salvation during the ministry of the sainted John Hunt. It is the head of an immense circuit, which stretches a long way down the coast of Viti Levu. The Rev. A. J. Small has for some years zealously administered the affairs of this circuit, in which are over twenty thousand people connected with our Church.

I had special opportunities of studying native life, and of observing the influence Wesleyan Methodism is exercising in these islands. He has not seen Fiji who has simply visited Suva and Levuka, and conversed

with a few planters. One must get amongst the people, see the children in the schools, the men in their gardens, the women in their homes, and all in the churches. The magnitude of Wesleyan Methodism in Fiji will impress even the casual observer. On broad and firm foundations, laid fifty years ago, the great fabric has been erected, and in the spiritual life of a second generation the power and glory of the Lord are manifested in His temple. As in Ezekiel's vision, a river of life has been flowing amongst this people, and 'everything lives whither the river cometh.'

Not very many years ago cruelty and treachery, lust and murder stalked through the land. Blood flowed like water, homes and villages were ruthlessly destroyed, and desolation and mourning were on every hand. What now is the record? From the 'Report of the Australian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the year ending March, 1887,' we extract the following information concerning the Fiji District:—Churches, 862: Other preaching places, 406: Missionaries, 10: Native Ministers, 56: Catechists, 47: Local Preachers, 1,910: Class Leaders, 3,480: Sabbath School Teachers, 2,679: Native Members, 27,097: On Trial, 4,264: Sabbath Schools, 1,425: Sabbath Scholars, 41,432: Attendants on Public Worship, 101,150. With no desire to inflate statistics, with a Scriptural method of making converts, with a conscientious method of reckoning them in such a way as many call severe: *viz.*, on the basis of

Christian fellowship, our missionaries make this report out of a native population of about 120,000. Some may say, or think if they do not say, that there is but a thin veneer of religiousness on these, and that if you scratch the skin you will soon find the savage. They who say or think so, think and speak at a distance, and I venture to affirm on the testimony of Christian ladies and gentlemen, well acquainted with Fiji for from ten to five-and-twenty years, that the religion of the Fijian Christian is as vital and thorough a change as Methodism everywhere understands conversion to be.

Mission work is the glory of the Church in this latter half of the 19th century. It has 'civilized many nations, destroyed innumerable idols and false gods, unlocked the treasures of useful knowledge, improved the arts, extended science, widened commerce, quickened trade, founded hospitals, created schools, broken the rods of oppressors, struck off the chains of slaves, checked the harsh government of rulers and the anarchy of subjects, restored woman to her primitive position, awaked tenderness in the mother and fondness in the father, taught dutifulness to the child, loyalty to the subject and justice to the ruler, given peace and joy to the home, order and liberty to the state, dignity and glory to nations, and eternal life to a multitude that no man can number out of all nations and kindreds, tribes and tongues.' The fascination of the story of Fiji is not diminished, but rather much increased by



personal observation of what has been and is being done. Our mission is engaged in a great system of national education, preparing teachers and catechists at the circuit institutions for the village schools and Churches. There are reported (1887) Day Schools, 1,765: Teachers, 2,526: Day Scholars, 40,718. No help is received from the government. Even the students and teachers, except at Navuloa, have to pay the taxes, from which, considering their work, they might very reasonably have been exempted.

A gentleman in England some years ago very thoughtfully and kindly presented a printing press to our Fijian Mission. It is at Viwa, under the management of Mr. Small, who has taught two or three lads to set up type, and thus considerable expense is saved to our mission funds.

And now come with me to a hallowed spot at the rear of the Viwa church. Precious dust is there. John Hunt, William Polglase, Joeli Bulu and others of the sainted dead await the resurrection of the just. From a plain iron tablet at the head of one grave, I read the simple but sublime record:—

JOHN HUNT

SLEPT IN JESUS,

OCT. 4TH, 1843.

---

*Aged 36 years.*

By his side, and worthy of the place, rests Joeli Bulu. On the stone at the head of Joeli's grave are these words :—

‘SAI VAKANANUMI KEI JOELI BULU, SA  
MATE MAI BAU, ME 7, 1877.’

with Col. i. 7, and Rev. xiv. 13, in Fijian.

‘IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOELI BULU, WHO DIED  
AT BAU, MAY 7, 1877.’

Surely an inspiration must come to the preacher in his pulpit as he thinks that just at his back, within a few feet, lies all that is mortal of such men. They being dead yet speak. I heard them speak in the bright and early calmness of a lovely Sabbath morning, when, alone, I stood amongst the graves, and read the records. This was their message :—

‘Go labour on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on :  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,  
It is not thus that souls are won.  
Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb :  
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.’

And so I prayed, as have many others, that I might be ‘baptized for the dead.’ And when we sang the praises

of God in the little sanctuary, I thought the spirits of these 'just men made perfect' were of the congregation, and, as on the holy mount, the transfigured Christ was in our midst.

John Hunt was born near Lincoln in the year 1812. When about seventeen he heard John Smith preach, and was saved. Who will dare to say that he was not in the true 'apostolic succession?' While yet a youth, he wrote these words: 'I see, to be useful as a public speaker, I must be eminent as a private Christian. When his name was placed on the circuit plan as an exhorter, he took the plan to his room and spread it before the Lord. The Christian ministry was in course of time suggested to him as his sphere, but he shrank from the thought, and in his humility stated that he had an 'ambition to go to the Cape, as a servant to Laidman Hodgson, the missionary.' When a strong cry reached England from the South Pacific, 'Pity poor Fiji,' the hearts of many were touched, and John Hunt and James Calvert received their commission to go out to the help of the Lord against the mighty. There were three things laid upon his heart—(1). The conversion of the Fijians to Christianity, not in name only but in power: (2). The translation of the Scriptures into their language: (3). The revival of Christian holiness at home. Did he not see the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose? Did not his hand give to the Fijians the New Testament in their own tongue?

And who can estimate the influence of his 'Letters on Entire Sanctification,' as well as of his life and ministry, on the revival of Christian holiness? John Hunt, dying at thirty-six, had lived long, for he had lived well. As he lay dying at Viwa, he said, to his brother missionary, 'Let me go, a heap of inconsistencies, backslidings, and unfaithfulness. Let me go—as I trust I shall through Divine mercy alone, for I have nothing at all in myself—to heaven.'

How he cried in his last illness, 'Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji! My heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!' 'O, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! save Thy servants, save Thy people, save the heathen in Fiji!' And it is recorded that Elijah Verani cried aloud, 'O Lord, we know we are very bad: but spare Thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people!' But John Hunt's work was done, he 'slept in Jesus,' and his name is still as ointment poured forth.

Joeli Bulu was born at Vavau in the Friendly Islands. When he heard the Christian teachers exhorting the people to forsake their idols and turn to the living God, he was very angry. But by-and-bye his heart was drawn out in prayer, and he said, 'I will lotu (accept Christianity), that I may live among the stars.'

He was as

‘An infant crying in the night :  
An infant crying for the light :  
And with no language but a cry,’

Ere long light filled his understanding, and love ruled in his heart. Hearing one of the missionaries relate his experience of repentance, Joeli said, ‘We are like two canoes sailing bow and bow, neither being swifter nor slower than the other.’ When the missionary told of his faith in Christ, Joeli cried out, ‘My mast is broken, my sail is blown away : he is gone clear out of my sight, and I am left here drifting helplessly over the waves.’ Yet then did he believe also and rejoice, for he saw the way of salvation. After a while he sailed to Fiji to help the white teachers, and amid the appalling scenes of those days, when the heathen raged and the people imagined vain things, saw marvellous deliverances and wonderful displays of Divine grace. He was a child in spirit, a man in prayer, an apostle in zeal and courage, and is now amongst the saints of God who shine as the stars for ever and ever.

It has not been my purpose to speak of the work that other Churches are doing in Fiji. The Episcopalians and Presbyterians are ministering to the Europeans in Suva and Levuka, and Roman Catholicism claims eight thousand native adherents. I studied



Wesleyan Methodism in the islands, and here faithfully report what I saw and heard. Two or three circuits I could not visit on account of distance and irregularity of communication. This is my conclusion, that *Christianity is divine*.

I know of no more delightful tour that could be made than one in the South Pacific Archipelago, at the right season of the year. For the lover of nature there are all the elements of surpassing interest and delightful satisfaction. The rocks and reefs invite the geologist. In the multitude of islands and islets we have fragments which are surely but remnants of a vast continent, torn asunder by the giant forces of nature, which, in parts, as in Tonga, are still more or less active. The gorgeous flowers, the luscious fruits, the leafy shrubs, the wonderful trees, all the luxuriant vegetation of transcendent beauty in the mighty jungle, invite the botanist. The people themselves, their physical formation, their customs, their language, which is so euphonious that it has been said :—

‘It melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,’

invite the ethnologist. Here are studies for the politician and philanthropist. The moral condition of the people, as contrasted with the past, will evoke the liveliest gratitude from every lover of mankind. Let him go to Fiji, who is wearied either with labour or the

monotony of his easy life, and if he keep his eyes open, he will see so much to surprise him in mount and stream and sea, so much in the homes and churches and villages of the people, that there will be born in him a new interest in nature and humanity.

And Fiji is now a part of that grand empire to which Australia also belongs. 'The spirit of the English constitution infused through the mighty mass shall pervade, vivify, unite, and invigorate every part. The federation of our empire lies waiting for a master mind to frame, and a master hand to accomplish.

' Britain's myriad voices call,  
Sons, be welded one and all  
Into one imperial whole,  
One with Britain, heart and soul—  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne :  
Britons, hold your own—  
And God guard all.'

And now, having seen with glad eyes the fulfilment of Zechariah's prophecy, 'He shall speak peace unto the heathen,' I must again become one of those

'That go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters :

'These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

'For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

'They mount up to the heaven, they go down again

to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble.

‘ They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end.

‘ Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.

‘ He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

‘ Then are they glad because they be quiet : so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

‘ Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men ! ’—Psalm cvii. 23—31.



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